

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

**"POPPING THE QUESTION,"**  
AND  
**"THE SNAPPING TURTLES."**

Both Written by John Baldwin Buckstone.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITIONS.

\*\*\* THESE PLAYS CAN BE PERFORMED WITHOUT RISK OF INFRINGING  
ANY RIGHTS.

LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND. ALL BOOKSELLERS.



Now Ready, with Portrait and Eight Illustrations, crown 8vo., 146 pages, Price Sixpence,

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
**RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN**

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH BY LEIGH HUNT.

CONTENTS :—

THE RIVALS.  
ST. PATRICK'S DAY; OR, THE  
SCHEMING LIEUTENANT.  
THE DUENNA.  
A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.  
THE CAMP.  
THE CRITIC; OR, A TRAGEDY  
REHEARSED.  
PIZARRO.

Can also be had separately, price One Penny each ; post-free, One Halfpenny each extra.

Now Ready, Price Sixpence ; post-free, One Penny extra,

**DICKS' STANDARD CHARADES  
AND COMEDIES**

FOR HOME REPRESENTATION.

CONTENTS :—

BANDIT.  
THE SNOW HELPED.  
JARGONELLE.  
A MARRIAGE NOOSE.  
THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.  
TWENTY AND FORTY.  
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.  
A WOMAN WILL BE A WOMAN.

THE CAPTAIN'S GHOST.  
HAT-BOX.  
NUMBER 157 B.  
LOVELY.  
BOW BELL(E)S.  
MISTAKEN.  
LOCKSMITH.  
PORTMANTEAU.

THE ABOVE CHARADES AND COMEDIES CAN BE PERFORMED WITHOUT RISK  
OF INFRINGING ANY RIGHTS.

London : JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Booksellers.



## POPPING THE QUESTION.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY J. B. BUCKSTONE.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, March 23<sup>d</sup>, 1830.*



**Dramatis Personæ.**

[See page 8.]

[illegible]

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty Minutes.

**No. 865. Dicks' Standard Plays.**

# THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK LIBRARY

*The Gift of*

*Mrs G. F. Hall*

MR. PRIMROSE.—  
light brown and  
umbrella; George

HENRY THORNTON.—  
coat; coloured silk

ELLEN MURRAY.—  
dress: White scarf

MISS BIFFIN.—  
satin petticoat, with  
stomacher of the same  
powdered tête; high

MISS WINTERBLOOM.—  
quilted petticoat, a  
lace edging; cap and  
tête.

BOBBIN.—First dress  
ribbon. Second dress

breeches;  
nosegay;

puff waist-

c. Second

on; white  
in ribbon;  
ags; high

hite satin  
ttle, with  
es; black

with blue

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

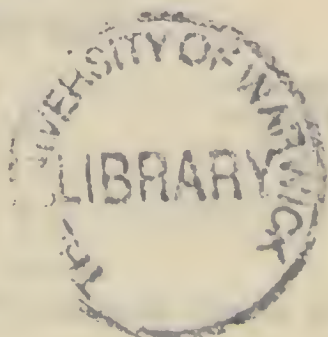
EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R.                      R.C.                      C.                      L.C.                      L.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

02247456





# POPPING THE QUESTION.

SCENE.—An Apartment. Folding doors, C. F., a window, L. S. E., doors, R. and L.

ELLEN discovered, working embroidery at a table, R., and BOBBIN, seated at a table, L., trimming a cap and singing.

Bob. I must confess I give the preference to London, above any place in England.

Ellen. Oh, Bobbin, you have been brought up there, and may, perhaps, feel the dullness of a country town more than I, who have seldom left one!

Bob. All the young men are such boobies. If a pretty girl but favours one of them with a glance, the oaf reddens up, ogles his top-boots, smooths down his hair, and continues as dumb as Mrs. Salmon's wax-work. I would set my cap at the apothecary, but I understand Miss Biffin has teased his life out, and confirmed him in his resolution of remaining in single blessedness. At all events, I propose trying my fortune with an elderly gentleman—such a nice, prime, clean old darling as Mr. Primrose.

Ellen. Have you observed, Bobbin, how changed he is lately? He used to laugh and gossip, and tell long stories of Dean Swift, and sing his favourite song of "Lovely Phillis, charming fair," and be so lively that his company was quite pleasant.

Bob. And now he puts on his cravat with twice the precision he used to do, breathes sighs deep enough to inflate one of Mr. Thingumy's balloons, has voted snuff-taking a disease, and absolutely cultivates a peach-blossom complexion. It strikes me, miss, that he is in love.

Ellen. Love, at his time of life?

Bob. He's not so very old, madam. Oh, these quiet elderly gentlemen are sometimes worth half-a-dozen of your noisy, rakish young ones! I wonder who is the object of his affections?

Ellen. Surely, neither of the old maids?

Bob. What, Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom? I don't know. He's played at cribbage with both of 'em, and that's a very mischievous game. I've known many an elderly heart captivated over a flush of diamonds, and a forty-year-old toe tenderly trod on at a fifteen-two. (Jumping up hastily, and looking out of the window, L. S. E.) As I live, there's Henry Thornton looking up at our window. How do—how do? (Nodding.)

Ellen. (Rising.) What are you about, Bobbin?

Bob. Come here—come here! (Beckoning.) Nobody's at home. Here he comes! I know he wishes to see you very sadly. I'll run and open the door to him, for he's the tidiest young man I've seen between this and the Green Park.

[Exit, L. D.]

Ellen. I hope Mr. Primrose will not return while he's here; it will look so suspicious, and lately he has disapproved of visitors.

Re-enter BOBBIN, L. D.

Bob. Come in, young man!

Enter HENRY THORNTON, L. D.

Hen. (Crossing to Ellen.) Ah, my dear Ellen, I've been anxiously waiting to see you since day-break! I'm in despair—I'm wretched!

Bob. (L. C.) What, in the presence of two such little loves as missus and I.

Hen. (R. C.) My friends wish to settle me in some permanent employ. Their wishes have extended as far as India. An appointment has been obtained for me there. I have no excuse for refusing it. I must depart immediately, and may, perhaps, never see you more.

Bob. Without Miss Ellen runs away with you—

Hen. Or I am instantly married. That event might occasion a delay, and then I might fortunately lose the situation. Dear Ellen, pronounce my fate! (Kneeling.) That I adore you, you are well aware. Let us, then, fly to the church this instant. My friends will see the impropriety of hurrying a young bride from her native country, we shall remain in England together for ever, and be the happiest pair in the universe.

Bob. Bravo, bravo! (Patting his back.) In all my experience, I never heard the question so capitally popped.

Ellen. But my guardian—

Bob. Ask his consent at once. Explain the urgent circumstances, and he'll not object.

Ellen. I'll give him a hint of my wishes, however.

Bob. A hint. No, no; speak out boldly. Say, "Sir, I want to be married." If you merely give hints, they make so many little loop-holes for a consent to creep out of. Hark! What's that? I heard the house-door shut. It's Mr. P.

Ellen. (Confused.) Gracious, Henry, he must not see you here!

Bob. Put yourself out of sight for an instant. I'll soon get him away again. I'll tell him Miss Biffin's broke her arm, or in a fit, and he'll fly to her in a moment. He's on the stairs. In with you. (Opening the folding doors, C., and pushing Henry, who is kissing his hand to Ellen.) Now, don't stand kissing your fingers there, or I'll throw you out of the window! In—in, and be quiet.

(She hurries Henry into the room at the folding doors, C. F., and closes them.)

Ellen sits down at the table to work, R., Bobbin snatches up her cap, sits down at the table, L., and begins working and singing again, "Meet me by moonlight alone.")

Enter PRIMROSE, thoughtfully, L. D.

Prim. (L. C.) What a lovely morning! Not a particle of dust flying. Quite a pleasure to walk. I've been strolling alone for the last half-hour in the sunshine, and have come to a conclusion that I must marry—yes, Henry Primrose, you ought to marry. You were not formed to lie alone. Dear,

## COSTUME.

---

**MR. PRIMROSE.**—Old-fashioned dove-coloured coat; white waistcoat; nankeen breeches; light brown and white striped silk stockings; shoes and buckles; white hat; nosegay; umbrella; George wig. (*The clothes of the cut of 1789.*)

**HENRY THORNTON.**—Blue coat, with brass buttons; corderoy smalls; top boots; buff waistcoat; coloured silk kerchief; drab hat.

**ELLEN MURRAY.**—*First dress:* White muslin fashionable dress, flowered flounce, &c. *Second dress:* White scarf and bonnet.

**MISS BIFFIN.**—*Dressed in the fashion of the year 1789.* Dove-coloured silk gown; white satin petticoat, with large leno flounces; white muslin ruffles; apron; cap, with satin ribbon; stomacher of the same; a necklace of large white beads; very large gold earrings; high powdered tête; high shoes; black mittens, and fan.

**MISS WINTERBLOSSOM.**—*Dressed in the fashion of the year 1789.* Crimson gown; white satin quilted petticoat, and white flowers; black lace apron; lace ruffles; white satin mantle, with lace edging; cap and stomacher, trimmed with white satin ribbon; fan; high shoes; black tête.

**BOBBIN.**—*First dress:* Flowered muslin sprig short-sleeved gown; white cap, with blue ribbon. *Second dress:* Red scarf; white bonnet, with blue ribbon.

---

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

**EXITS AND ENTRANCES.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

**RELATIVE POSITIONS.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

00247456





# POPPING THE QUESTION.

SCENE.—An Apartment. Folding doors, C. F., a window, L. S. E., doors, R. and L.

ELLEN discovered, working embroidery at a table, R., and BOBBIN, seated at a table, L., trimming a cap and singing.

Bob. I must confess I give the preference to London, above any place in England.

Ellen. Oh, Bobbin, you have been brought up there, and may, perhaps, feel the dullness of a country town more than I, who have seldom left one!

Bob. All the young men are such boobies. If a pretty girl but favours one of them with a glance, the oaf reddens up, ogles his top-boots, smooths down his hair, and continues as dumb as Mrs. Salmon's wax-work. I would set my cap at the apothecary, but I understand Miss Biffin has teased his life out, and confirmed him in his resolution of remaining in single blessedness. At all events, I propose trying my fortune with an elderly gentleman—such a nice, prime, clean old darling as Mr. Priurose.

Ellen. Have you observed, Bobbin, how changed he is lately? He used to laugh and gossip, and tell long stories of Dean Swift, and sing his favourite song of "Lovely Phillis, charming fair," and be so lively that his company was quite pleasant.

Bob. And now he puts on his cravat with twice the precision he used to do, breathes sighs deep enough to inflate one of Mr. Thingumy's balloons, has voted snuff-taking a disease, and absolutely cultivates a peach-blossom complexion. It strikes me, miss, that he is in love.

Ellen. Love, at his time of life?

Bob. He's not so very old, madam. Oh, these quiet elderly gentlemen are sometimes worth half-a-dozen of your noisy, rakish young ones! I wonder who is the object of his affections?

Ellen. Surely, neither of the old maids?

Bob. What, Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom? I don't know. He's played at cribbage with both of 'em, and that's a very mischievous game. I've known many an elderly heart captivated over a flush of diamonds, and a forty-year-old toe tenderly trod on at a fifteen-two. (Jumping up hastily, and looking out of the window, L. S. E.) As I live, there's Henry Thornton looking up at our window. How do—how do? (Nodding.)

Ellen. (Rising.) What are you about, Bobbin?

Bob. Come here—come here! (Beckoning.) Nobody's at home. Here he comes! I know he wishes to see you very sadly. I'll run and open the door to him, for he's the tidiest young man I've seen between this and the Green Park.

[Exit, L. D.]

Ellen. I hope Mr. Primrose will not return while he's here; it will look so suspicious, and lately he has disapproved of visitors.

Re-enter BOBBIN, L. D.

Bob. Come in, young man!

Enter HENRY THORNTON, L. D.

Hen. (Crossing to Ellen.) Ah, my dear Ellen, I've been anxiously waiting to see you since day-break! I'm in despair—I'm wretched!

Bob. (L. C.) What, in the presence of two such little loves as missus and I.

Hen. (R. C.) My friends wish to settle me in some permanent employ. Their wishes have extended as far as India. An appointment has been obtained for me there. I have no excuse for refusing it. I must depart immediately, and may, perhaps, never see you more.

Bob. Without Miss Ellen runs away with you—

Hen. Or I am instantly married. That event might occasion a delay, and then I might fortunately lose the situation. Dear Ellen, pronounce my fate! (Kneeling.) That I adore you, you are well aware. Let us, then, fly to the church this instant. My friends will see the impropriety of hurrying a young bride from her native country, we shall remain in England together for ever, and be the happiest pair in the universe.

Bob. Bravo, bravo! (Patting his back.) In all my experience, I never heard the question so capitally popped.

Ellen. But my guardian—

Bob. Ask his consent at once. Explain the urgent circumstances, and he'll not object.

Ellen. I'll give him a hint of my wishes, however.

Bob. A hint. No, no; speak out boldly. Say, "Sir, I want to be married." If you merely give hints, they make so many little loop-holes for a consent to creep out of. Hark! What's that? I heard the house-door shut. It's Mr. P.

Ellen. (Confused.) Gracious, Henry, he must not see you here!

Bob. Put yourself out of sight for an instant. I'll soon get him away again. I'll tell him Miss Biffin's broke her arm, or in a fit, and he'll fly to her in a moment. He's on the stairs. In with you. (Opening the folding doors, C., and pushing Henry, who is kissing his hand to Ellen.) Now, don't stand kissing your fingers there, or I'll throw you out of the window! In—in, and be quiet.

(She hurries Henry into the room at the folding doors, C. F., and closes them.

Ellen sits down at the table to work, R., Bobbin snatches up her cap, sits down at the table, L., and begins working and singing again, "Meet me by moonlight alone.")

Enter PRIMROSE, thoughtfully, L. D.

Prim. (L. C.) What a lovely morning! Not a particle of dust flying. Quite a pleasure to walk. I've been strolling alone for the last half-hour in the sunshine, and have come to a conclusion that I must marry—yes, Henry Primrose, you ought to marry. You were not formed to lie alone. Dear,



there's a speck of black upon my white kid gloves! How provoking! I'll be married, I'm resolved, and will immediately consult with Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom upon the subject. If they see no impropriety in the act, I shall instantly put myself into conjugal order, and prepare for the momentous epoch. Eh? Bless me, there's the dear object of my affections! I thought I was alone. Well, Ellen, my dear, at your work, eh?

*Ellen.* (Rising, and advancing, R. C.) Yes, Mr. Primrose.

*Prim.* (C.) Bobbin!

*Bob.* (Rising, and advancing, L. C.) Yes, sir.

*Prim.* Take my hat and umbrella—you know where to put my umbrella—and hang the hat on the third peg from the door. (Bobbin crosses to R.) Have you brushed my spencer?

*Bob.* Yes, sir.

*Prim.* And put it carefully away in my wardrobe?

*Bob.* Yes, sir.

*Prim.* That's a good girl. I like everything tidy.

*Bob.* That's the reason you are so partial to me. [Exit Bobbin, R.]

*Prim.* Miss Ellen Murray, I wish to speak with you.

*Ellen.* (Aside, R. C.) I hope he did not see Henry come in.

*Prim.* (Handing a chair.) Allow me to place your chair near mine. Sit down, Ellen. Stop, there's a thread of silk in the chair. Miss Ellen, I wish to touch upon a very serious subject.

*Ellen.* (Aside.) Bless me, he must have seen Henry come in, and thinks me sly!

*Prim.* Hen! You have, doubtless, observed a change in my disposition lately?

*Ellen.* Not for the worse, I'm sure, sir.

*Prim.* (Smiling.) You think not. Whatever change you may have observed, has been caused by anxiety for you, my dear. In short, it is my wish that you should be married.

*Ellen.* Well, that's singular. I was endeavouring to gain courage to speak upon the same subject myself.

*Prim.* How delightful! What a collision of sentiment! Now we shall be able to discuss the matter unrestrained, without any of your sentimental and whalebone preliminaries. I'm convinced you would make any man a good wife. Now I would wish to put the question as delicately as possible. Do you love me?

*Ellen.* I always respected you, sir.

*Prim.* And you have no objection to matrimony?

*Ellen.* What single young lady has, sir?

*Prim.* Amiable truism! You are perfectly acquainted with my disposition?

*Ellen.* You have ever been kind and attentive.

*Prim.* To speak candidly, would you wish for a husband better tempered than myself?

*Ellen.* That I should not indeed, sir.

*Prim.* And you would not decidedly object to a man like myself—a youth, with the world before him—eh?

*Ellen.* (Aside.) I can't say I should prefer one a little younger—it might offend.

*Prim.* You would not object to a man like myself?

*Ellen.* (Hesitating.) No—no—no, sir.

*Prim.* Her hesitation convinces me that I am not indifferent to her. Ellen, you shall immediately be married.

*Ellen.* Shall I indeed, sir?

*Prim.* And to the man of your choice, too.

*Ellen.* Now I do love you. Oh, my dear Henry, how happy you will be!

*Prim.* That he will, indeed! (Aside.) Dear Henry! She never expressed herself so tenderly before. (Aloud.) I'm delighted to find you are so ready to comply with my wish. Yes, Ellen; your dear Henry is the man that can make you truly happy—that can make this terrestrial globe a celestial paradise. Dear Ellen, allow me to— (Is about to kiss her, but stops.) Stop, you've a little speck upon your nose. Permit me— (Takes out a folded white handkerchief. A crash is heard in the chamber, C. D. F. Jumping up.) Bless me, what's that?

*Ellen.* (Rising hastily, aside.) How unlucky!

*Re-enter BOBBIN, R. D.* She checks Primrose as he is about to open the folding-doors.

*Bob.* Old Carlo has knocked down the globe of gold fish.

*Prim.* And the Turkey carpet will be ruined! Let me see.

*Bob.* No, no; I'll look at it! Carlo, Carlo! Come here, sir!

*Prim.* (Struggling with Bobbin.) Stand aside and let me see the mischief.

(Ellen goes up to the table, R., pushes off the embroidery frame, and screams out.)

*Ellen.* Oh!

*Prim.* (Tenderly.) What's the matter, dear?

*Ellen.* The large needle has pricked my finger!

*Prim.* Let me bind it. Which is the finger?

*Ellen.* I don't know; it's one of them.

*Prim.* It must be this. (Binds one of her fingers.) There, there, don't disturb it.

*Re-enter BOBBIN, C. D. F.,* locking the door after her.

*Bob.* It was the screen that had fallen down, sir—that was all. However, I've locked the door, in case the naughty old dog should get in, and find out the fish.

*Prim.* This little fright has quite discomposed me.

*Bob.* Sir, Miss Winterblossom has sent her servant, sir, to know if you were out. I—I think she's taken seriously ill, sir.

*Prim.* Indeed, poor lamb! I must fly to her assistance! My hat, Bobbin. [Exit Bobbin, R. D.] Then I can ask her advice, and obtain her consent to my union at the same time. (Aside.)

*Re-enter BOBBIN, R. D.,* with a hat and umbrella.

*Bob.* Here's your hat, sir, and your umbrella.

*Prim.* (To Ellen.) I hope, love, that we perfectly understand each other.

*Bob.* Suppose Miss Winterblossom should have met with an accident, sir.

*Prim.* I'll step to her instantly. Bobbin, leave the room, I—I'm busy.

*Bob.* (Aside, going.) I shall never get him out of the house.

[Exit, R. D.]

*Prim.* (R.) All my desire is, to see you happy.

*Ellen.* (L.) And you will see me happy, sir.

*Prim.* (Aside.) Bless her, how frank and free she is. (Aloud.) As to your fortune, that shall be left entirely at your own disposal. I shall return soon,



love; therefore, do not neglect in my absence any little arrangement that may be necessary to the forthcoming change in your situation. When a couple perfectly understand each other, delay is ever a damper. Mr. Pilbury, of Aldermanbury, courted Miss Spoonbill nine years, and the young lady died of a consumption at the commencement of the tenth. Therefore, take advantage even of my temporary absence to complete any little affair that may expedite your views. I never felt so happy in all my days. (*Crossing to L.*) When one's happy, one buttons one's coat up with such gusto! All that is now required is the consent of Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom.

Ellen. Their consent!

Prim. Since I have resided here, we have ever consulted each other upon our little intentions. I'll put the question as delicately as possible. They are ladies that are well acquainted with the world.

Ellen. If an existence of some forty or fifty years can give them the knowledge, I admit that they are.

Prim. Sweet satirist! An Aristophanes in French curls and muslin. At all events, I think it necessary to mention it.

Ellen. Perhaps he wishes at the same time to marry with one of them. (*Aside.*) Ah, sir, there's something very suspicious in your frequent visits to these ladies!

Prim. (*Laying his hand upon his heart and bowing.*) Upon my honour, perfectly platonic! (*Aside.*) A little jealous already. Oh, I shall be a happy man!

Ellen. You will make a match there shortly, I dare say.

Prim. I think not. I did endeavour to bring the lame attorney and Miss Biffin together, but she made the attorney dance after her so much, that he sent in his bill, charging her with letters and attendances, and so the affair ended. She's a sensible woman for all that. Now, remember my injunctions. Farewell for the present, love. I'm merely going to Miss Winterblossom's. Gad! I wish the happy event could take place immediately; but we must not be too impatient. Bless those flashing, beautiful eyes! If I had time, I could say something very gallant. A kiss, however, will assure you of my sincerity. (*Kisses her very gently.*) Adieu, for the present! Gad! I can't be more than five-and-twenty—I feel such elasticity in every limb, and such a feeling of jauntiness all over me. Adieu, love! You see how happy I am. If Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom will but consent—odds, bnds!—we'll have a day of it. (*Sings.*) "Lovely Phillis, charming fair!"

[Exit, L. D.]

Enter BOBBIN, R. D.

Bob. Who would have thought of this, madam? I put my ear to the key-hole, and heard almost every word.

Ellen. It is delightfully strange, indeed!

Bob. Hark! There goes the door. He's gone. Come out, you clumsy dog!

(*Unlocks the folding door, C. F.*)

Re-enter HENRY THORNTON, C. D. F.

Come out, sir! How could you be tumbling over the chairs at such a moment? You frightened us out of our wits.

Ellen. You heard the conversation?

Hen. Yes, my soul; and I don't think we can

furnish the old gentleman a pleasanter surprise than by dying to the church instantly!

Bob. That would be charming! Besides, he told you not to neglect anything during his absence.

Hen. And really wished that the event could occur to-day. I have a licence ready. I dared to hope that you would not see me leave you for ever, and therefore made every provision.

(*Showing a licence.*)

Bob. You do deserve to win your fair lady! I'd give a month's wages for such a determined lover. Oh, miss, put on your bonnet! Don't let the opportunity slip for the world; it will be so funny—such a thing to talk of, when you are old folks, you know. So just step out, and get married immediately.

Ellen. I'm afraid.

Bob. Afraid? Nonsense! It's nothing more than a dip in the sea, all over after the first souse; besides, think of the old maids—they may alter Mr. P.'s mind.

Hen. Ay; should they make any objection, it might be fatal.

Bob. (*Bringing a looking-glass.*) Here, madam; here are our bonnets and scarfs! How lucky I happened to trim a cap this morning! (*Puts it on at the glass.*) I declare I look quite nice! Come, miss, put on your bonnet. Henry, have you a ring?

Hen. No. What's to be done?

Bob. Never mind. Don't be agitated. I've my grandmother's in my purse; it fits Miss Ellen exactly. She has often tried it on.

Ellen. But this is too hurried—too sudden.

Bob. But it's your guardian's wish.

Hen. Think of separation for ever—think of India.

Bob. Shipwrecks and wild beasts.

Hen. The value of the time present.

Bob. The wishes of Mr. P.

Hen. The agreeable surprise it will occasion.

Bob. The licence ready.

Hen. My love for you.

Bob. My wish to be a bridesmaid, that I may be married before the year's out.

Hen. Come, love—come!

Bob. (*Going, L.*) Ah, there's Miss Biffin at the foot of the stairs!

Hen. What shall we do?

Bob. Objection's in her looks.

Hen. We must avoid her.

Bob. As you would a bailiff. We'll go out at the back door.

Hen. Lead the way. Bobbin.

Bob. To the church—

Hen. And happiness.

[Exit, R. D.]

Enter MISS BIFFIN, L. D.

Miss B. Anybody here? I certainly heard a most extraordinary noise. Though they said that Mr. P. was not within, I thought I'd just step up to be convinced. There seems to have been a confusion of some sort in the room. Surely Mr. Primrose has not been romping with his ward? Very singular! Where can he be? Gone to Miss Winterblossom's, perhaps. I wonder what his intentions are in that quarter? Nothing serious, I hope. I can't read Mr. P. at all—can't make him out. If he speaks tenderly to me one moment, he repeats the little endearment to Miss Winterblossom the next. It is now time I should know



which of us he really intends to decide upon, because I may thoughtlessly allow my heart to go too far. Hush! I hear someone on the stairs. It is his step. Glad I waited. How do I look? (*Looking in the glass.*) My hat becomes me amazingly!

*Enter PRIMROSE, L. D.*

*Prim.* What, Miss Biffin? Good morning! You are the very person I was thinking of, and wishing to see.

*Miss B.* That my thoughts and wishes coincide with yours, is evident from my presence here. You'll join our pam-loo party this evening, I hope? The curate will be one of us. You, of course, will *beau* Miss Winterblossom?

*Prim.* We'll arrange that affair presently. Pray be seated. (*Miss Biffin sits, c.*) Miss Winterblossom has fully consented to my marriage with Ellen, and, if Miss Biffin be equally kind, then there is nothing to retard my happiness. Bless me, what a litter the room is in! The tambour-frame prostrate, chairs out of their places, a dressing glass here—Bobbin—Ellen! (*Goes to the door.*) Ellen! Poor child, she has retired to meditate upon her approaching condition. Very natural. Now for Miss B. I'll just turn the snap of the door, then we shall not be interrupted.

*Miss B.* He's fastened the door! Mr. P.!

*Prim.* (*Crossing to L.*) Sit down, my dear Miss B. Now for the other. (*Secures the other door.*)

*Miss B.* What can this mean? I'm a little uneasy.

*Prim.* Now, Miss B.! (*Draws his chair close to her. She retreats.*) Eh, why do you retreat? I merely wish to put a question as delicately as possible, respecting an affair very essential to my happiness.

*Miss B.* Oh, indeed! (*Drawing nearer.*) I should not wonder but he's going to make a proposal. (*Aside.*)

*Prim.* (*Taking her hand.*) My dear Miss B.—

*Miss B.* (*Simpering.*) Sir?

*Prim.* Lap-dog quite well?

*Miss B.* Not very well. Poor dear thing! Ate too many stewed oysters last night.

*Prim.* Indeed! Hem! The subject upon which I am about to venture to speak is of so peculiar a nature, that my dear Miss Biffin must excuse any want of connection in the detail.

*Miss B.* (*Simpering.*) I believe—I think—I imagine I understand your meaning, sir. Pray compose yourself.

*Prim.* You understand me? Then, madam, this—this attachment of which I would speak, you are acquainted with?

*Miss B.* (*Sighing.*) I own I have suspected it.

*Prim.* Have you, indeed? I imagined no one could have perceived it. But love, my dear Miss Biffin, is like the hunted ostrich, that hides his head only, and fancies his whole body is concealed.

*Miss B.* (*Aside.*) Something always whispered that I was his choice.

*Prim.* May I, then, dare to hope that this too, too tender affection for one of the most deserving of her sex merits Miss Biffin's approbation.

*Miss B.* Sir, I protest I was not fully prepared—that is, my agitation is such, that I can scarcely reply.

*Prim.* How sweetly sympathetic! Yet, pardon if I say I cannot allow you to leave this place

without knowing the sentiments of one whose judgment is so paramount.

*Miss B.* Well, Mr. P., to be candid—(*sighing*)—if I must answer—(*sidling*)—if you will take advantage of my agitation—(*smiling*)—I do own, your merit commands my approbation. Your proposal has my concurrence.

*Prim.* Then I'm the happiest of men! Your approbation only was wanting to perfect my felicity; without that, I could not have ventured to complete the union, dear as it is to my heart.

*Miss B.* (*Rather amazed.*) Of course not.

*Prim.* I have mentioned the affair to Miss Winterblossom, and, so far from throwing any obstacle in the way, the dear lady seemed quite delighted.

*Miss B.* (*Sneeringly.*) Any obstacle she might have offered could have made no difference.

*Prim.* No, no; but I thought it right to name it. It is fit one should learn the opinions of one's friends upon such an occasion. But don't stir yet, my dear Miss B. (*Rising.*) I must now hasten to expedite matters. I saw a parcel of delicate white kid gloves to be disposed of in the next street—I'll run and secure the bargain, so don't stir. I'll return again immediately. Make yourself quite at home while I'm gone. You must not wonder at any little discrepancies in my conduct, for I shall now be in such a bustle for a week or two, that I may commit the strangest vagaries and be quite unconscious. I knew you would offer no objection. Now for licences, true-lover's knots, wedding-rings, bride-cakes, cradles, and candles, eh, Miss Biffin? I feel myself a married man already. A bachelor! Of what use is he—what end does he answer? None, but to act the part of a walking-stick in the street, or a screen at a tea-party—to run errands for ladies, and fetch and carry, like a Dutch pug. I'll be a married man, Miss Biffin; the head of a house, the father of a family, children and grand-children shall crowd about me, and my path shall be strewn with primroses. There's a picture, eh, my dear? Oh, I shall be a happy fellow!

[*Unfastens the door, L., and exit.*]

*Miss B.* (*Rising.*) How elated he seems. At length I am about to be a bride. Mr. P. has popped the question. What new and singular emotions fill my heart! Very strange he should talk about a licence, before he has named the day! But excess of joy makes one heedless of formalities. (*Looking around.*) This house will be mine. What alterations I'll make. I'll have handsome pink curtains for that window, throw these two apartments into an elegant dancing-room, and have a lovely loo-table in the centre. I'll show Mr. P. a little of my taste; and, that we may pass the honeymoon more pleasantly, I'll commence learning the piano. As for Miss Ellen, I shall not allow her and Mr. P. to be too much together; she shall keep more to her own room. I'll make a thorough reform in all Mr. P.'s habits. Someone is coming up-stairs! Dear, dear! Strange, to be sure! The very person I was thinking of to be my bridesmaid. My dear Miss Winterblossom!

*Enter MISS WINTERBLOSSOM, L. D.*

*Miss W.* My love! Good morning, dear! (*They kiss each other.*) So pleased to see you. I've been to your house, was told you were not at home, guessed you were here, and find I am right in my conjecture. P. at home, dear?



Miss B. He will be here instantly; he has just stepped out for a moment, love. Sit down.

Miss W. (L. c., aside.) How astonished she will be to hear that Mr. Primrose has offered me his hand—has popped the question at last.

Miss B. (c.) You complained of rheumatism last night; better, love?

Miss W. Did I complain? Oh, yes; I recollect, I did cry out. It was only a little ruse, dear. The fact was, as Mr. P. passed me, to hand Miss Pocock her chocolate, he pinched my arm to such a degree that I was glad to make that an excuse.

Miss B. Did Mr. P. pinch your arm?

Miss W. Yes, dear.

Miss B. How very incorrect! What could he be thinking of? I'll mention the subject severely.

(Aside.)

Miss W. But sit down, dear. You have seen Mr. Primrose this morning, I suppose?

(They sit.)

Miss B. Oh, yes.

Miss W. Did he touch upon a delightful subject?

Miss B. I must confess he did, love.

Miss W. Then he has opened all to you, has he? He told me, when he left my house, that he should do so.

Miss B. He has perfectly explained his sentiments.

Miss W. Well, then, love, you and I have been acquainted many years—

Miss B. Not so very many years.

Miss W. No, no, dear; but a long time, you know.

Miss B. Yes, my love.

Miss W. And we have ever been the best of friends.

Miss B. Yes, dear.

Miss W. Therefore, I've a little favour to beg, which I am sure you will not refuse.

Miss B. I think I can guess what it is, my dear.

Miss W. I dare say you do, love. You know there must be a bridesmaid on the occasion.

Miss B. Precisely what I was thinking of.

Miss W. Now, I should be very happy, my dear Miss Biffu—

Miss B. I understand, my dear friend. Undoubtedly, I wish it to be so.

Miss W. For I'm sure that you, in preference to any other in the world, I should be delighted to have as my bridesmaid.

Miss B. Your bridesmaid, Miss Winterblossom? Oh, yes, yes—certainly. I promise—when you are married.

Miss W. When I'm married, dear Biffu? You're bewildered!

Miss B. No, love; 'tis you that are bewildered. Did you not just ask to accompany me as my bridesmaid?

Miss W. When—where? What do you mean? You are jesting.

Miss B. Indeed, I am not, Miss Winterblossom. This is no jesting matter.

Miss W. You don't comprehend me, Miss Biffu. In a word, do you wish to appear as my friend on my approaching union with Mr. Primrose?

Miss B. Your union, ma'am?

Miss W. Yes, ma'am; Mr. P. has, as you know, this very morning, made proposals.

Miss B. Yes; to me.

Miss W. To you? Mr. P. propose to marry you?

Impossible! He came to me, not an hour since, and implored me to favour his attachment, and mentioned marriage. Did you not, this moment, say he had told you of it?

Miss B. Of his affection for me; and he certainly said that he had informed you of it, which, though I considered a liberty, without consulting me, I overlooked in him at the time. Had he known that I was thus to be insulted, he would have placed his confidence elsewhere. (They rise.)

Miss W. I tell you, ma'am, that I am the object of Mr. P.'s choice.

Miss B. Woman, 'tis false!

Miss W. If he's in the house, I'll call him. Mr. P.—Mr. P.!

(Goes to the door, L., and calls.)

Miss B. Don't make that disturbance here. Mr. P. is not in the house, ma'am.

Miss W. When he returns, he shall convince you himself of his intention to marry me.

Miss B. You—marry you, you old ugly wretch!

Miss W. What do you say, madam? Ugly! There—look there, madam! (Fetches the glass from the table, R., and presenting it to her.) Look at yourself in that glass, and then be convinced of the utter untruth of your assertion—of the total impossibility of anybody ever marrying you.

Miss B. How dare you insult me in this manner, miss? I'll ring the bell for the servant to turn you out.

Miss W. Turn me out—out of my own house that is to be?

Miss B. Your house? Oh, I shall faint!

Miss W. Turn me out, indeed! Who will dare to attempt it? Don't imagine I'm to be frightened, madam. I can show a proper spirit, madam. (Throwing the furniture about the room.) There—there!

Miss B. Desist, madam—desist!

Miss W. (Crossing to L., and throwing up the window, L. S. E.) Help—murder! Mr. P.—Mr. P.!

Miss B. Come away from the window, madam, and don't disgrace this house! Come, madam—come!

Miss W. (Calling louder.) Help—help!

Re-enter PRIMROSE, with the gloves, L. D. He stands astonished. Miss Biffu and Miss Winterblossom sink into the chairs.

Prim. What, in the name of patience, is the matter? I thought there were boxers in the house. Here's litter—here's confusion! My mahogany pembroke is almost shattered, and my cheffonier maimed for ever! Dear—dear—dear Miss W., what's the matter?

Miss B. (R.) Don't go near her, I beg, sir. You'll give her another attack of the rheumatism. You'll pinch her arm again, I suppose?

Prim. (c.) Oho! That is the cause of dispute—eh? Egad, I begin to think myself of some consequence among the petticoats at last! Well, Miss B., where was the crime? Bless you, you can't expect us young bucks always to be circumspect; 'tis the fault of youth, Miss B. We are not stone or ice. We must have our little joke, if we die for it—eh, Miss B., eh?

Miss W. (L.) Come away from the insulting creature! She would have stabbed me if she could have found her scissors.

Prim. Come, come! We must have no quarrelling at this moment—all must be smiles and harmony now. Let me put the room a little to rights,



and then I insist upon understanding the cause of this dispute, that I may make peace between you.

(Puts the room in order, and draws a chair between them.)

Miss W. (L.) Mr. Primrose, you did me the honour of a visit this morning.

Prim. (C.) Yes, madam; and never did a visit at your dwelling confer more pleasure.

Miss B. (R.) Sir!

Miss W. You hear, madam—you hear? You spoke of an intended—of a desired—on your part—a desired union.

Prim. I trust, desired on both sides; the effect of reciprocity of feeling and mutual affection.

Miss B. But, to satisfy Miss Winterblossom, may I inquire the name of the future Mrs. Primrose.

Prim. The name! I thought you were acquainted with it—I thought that was perfectly known when I gained your approval to the intended event—that is, to my marriage with my beloved—my beautiful—my charming—

Both. (Anxiously.) Well, well?

Prim. Ellen Murray!

Miss B. (Starting up.) Ellen Murray!

Miss W. Ellen Murray!

Miss B. You vile man!

Miss W. You base deceiver!

Miss B. To trifle with one's feelings.

Miss W. To touch a tender string, and then rudely snap it asunder.

Prim. Ladies, hear me! 'Tis your own mistake.

Miss B. The lame attorney shall commence an action for breach of promise.

Miss W. Betrayer of innocence!

Miss B. I never could have thought it. Deceiver!

Miss W. Deceiver!

Miss B. Villain!

Miss W. Wretch!

Prim. Bobbin, Bobbin! (Taking a hand-bell, and ringing violently.) Will you be silent, ladies?

Miss W. Oh, that I were a man!

Miss B. That my brother Peter was alive!

Prim. Upon my honour I'll send for a constable! (Snatching a chair to defend himself.) My life's in danger. I'll not be frightened out of my wits in my own house. Will you let me explain?

Miss B. Well, defend yourself—defend yourself!

Prim. I think it's time. I've scarcely breath to utter a word. I asked each of you if you were acquainted with the circumstances of my attachment.

Miss B. You did, sir.

Miss W. Well, sir—well?

Prim. I was told by each of you, that you were already acquainted with it.

Both. Go on, sir.

Prim. And the question of approbation you have construed into an acceptance of your hands—when I never dreamed of you—never thought of you—would as soon marry my great-aunt Charity as either of you. You have roused my passion, and, if the truth will pop out, the fault is yours, not mine.

(A loud knocking heard at the door, R.)

Bobbin. (Without, R. D.) Open the door, please.

Prim. There's somebody come to my assistance at last. Dear me, I had fastened her out. Come in—(opening the door, R.)—come in.

Re-enter BOBBIN, R. D. Miss Winterblossom and Miss Biffin shake hands and embrace.

Come in, before you behold my bleeding corpse. (Falls into a chair, R. C.) I've run upon Scylla, and bumped against Charybdis. Etna and Vesuvius have been in a state of eruption at the same moment, and I've been between the two fires. It's a mercy I'm alive.

Bob. (Courtesying.) Sir, your wishes are fulfilled.

Prim. Are they? But you have made very little haste. Didn't you hear me? You should have broken open the door.

Bob. La, sir, we have made as much haste as possible! I'm sure my dear young missus has obeyed your injunctions to the very letter.

Prim. Making every haste to forward our union? That's right. Let me get married, I shall then have a protector.

Bob. Your union! No, sir; her union.

Prim. Well, well, it's all the same.

B. b. Oh, dear, no; there's a vast difference between you and Mr. Henry Thornton!

Prim. (Staring.) Eh? Henry Thornton!

Bob. You told Miss Murray, as was, that she should have the man of her choice.

Prim. Right.

Bob. And desired her to lose no time.

Prim. Exactly.

Bob. Then, when you stepped out, the man of her choice stepped in, the question was popped, the answer was acceptance, the ring and licence were ready—and now allow me to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton.

Enter HENRY THORNTON and ELLEN MURRAY, R. D.

And there's the certificate.

(Giving a marriage certificate to Primrose, who looks at it and the parties with astonishment.)

Prim. I'll never pop the question again as long as I live.

Miss B. Don't say so, my dear Mr. Primrose; you don't know what may happen.

Miss W. There's a fate in marriage, my dear Mr. P.; yours may take place yet.

Ellen. I hope you are agreeably surprised, Mr. Primrose.

Prim. Very! Ah, I see the mistake! Henry—the same name! Give me your hand, Ellen. Take care of this nuptial billet. (Returning certificate.) Yours, Mr. Thornton. Be kind to her, you rogue. As for me, I've this consolation. My Lord North observed once, it was easier to get a wife than to get rid of one. No offence, I hope? However, the white gloves will yet be of service. There, ladies! (Presenting gloves to each.) Of course we shall have a dance and a rubber in the evening, and perhaps, after all, it may not be—indeed, I hope it may not be—the last time that I shall POP THE QUESTION.

CURTAIN.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

HENRY.

ELLEN.

BOB.

PRIM.

MISS B.

MISS W.

E.

L.



E S N A P P I N G T U R T L E S;  
OR, MATRIMONIAL MASQUERADING.  
A D U O L O G U E, I N O N E A C T.

BY JOHN B. BUCKSTONE.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, October 14th, 1844.*



*Dramatis Personæ.*

[See page 15.

[illegible]

### ASSUMED CHARACTERS.

MR. FIPKINS YAW-YAW	...	...	(With a Song)	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
MISS ARABELLA DIEAWAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Buckstone.
MRS. O'BLARNEY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
SOBER SAM	...	...	(A Tee-to-taller)	...	...	...	...	Mr. Buckstone.

TIME.—The Present Day.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

THE Snapping Turtles of this entertainment are not of the amphibious order so well known in America, but of the Man and Wife species, who, when they do snap, are sometimes as fierce and as dangerous as the animal of the same species.



## COSTUME.

---

MR. TIMMS.—*First dress*: Morning gown; smoking cap; slippers, &c. *Second dress (as Miss Dieaway)*: Fashionable female attire, with scarf, gloves, bouquet, &c.; a light wig, dressed in the extreme of fashion; bonnet à la mode, to take off and place on table; silk stockings; sandal shoes, or Balmorals. *Third dress*: Fashionable walking costume. *Fourth dress (as Sober Sam)*: Large shabby overcoat, with loose trousers; white hat, with black band; dark hair sewn round the lining of the hat to conceal his own hair. *Last dress*: A repeat of the third.

MRS. TIMMS.—*First dress*: Fashionable morning dress. *Second dress (as Mr. Pipkins Yaw-yaw)*: Modern walking-dress, in the height of fashion; trousers; hat; eye-glass; and wig; patent leather boots, &c. *Third dress*: Same as first. *Fourth dress (as Mrs. O'Blarney)*: Fashionable riding-habit; hat; riding-whip, &c. *Last dress*: Same as first.

---

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.
----	-----	----	-----	----

\* \* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



# THE SNAPPING TURTLES.

SCENE.—A Drawing-room. Folding-doors at the back. A door, R. U. E. A door, L. 2 E. A sofa on the R. A table near the folding-doors, chairs, &c., or, if the representation takes place in a room, a screen at back with two smaller ones for entrances, R. and L., leaving room behind the screen at back to pass to and fro.

Mr. Timms. (*Speaks without at back.*) Now, Mrs. Timms, I will not have my feelings tortured in such a way. I can't endure it, and I won't endure it.

Mrs. Timms. (*Without.*) You are always the first to begin.

Mr. Timms. I am not.

Mrs. Timms. You are. You're eternally talking of that Miss Dieaway.

Mr. Timms. I'm sure I can't have a more amiable subject. (*A smash of china heard.*) Very well, Mrs. Timms; perhaps you'll try your hand at the windows now?

Mrs. Timms. There—there—there!

(*Loud smashes heard.*)

Enter MR. TIMMS, c. d., in his morning gown.

Timms. Mary! Thomas! My coat! (*Calling.*) My hat! I'll go out! I'll leave the house! I'll not be continually annoyed in this manner! Her violence is past endurance, and something must be done to put a stop to it. Something shall be done! (*Sits down.*) But what can be done? I married Mrs. Timms for love—and a little money. The love was romantic, burning, and seemed unextinguishable. I thought her an angel. She certainly turned out to be one, only it was one of the wrong colour. Two years have we been united, and have gradually arrived at this climax of matrimonial misery. Yet how delicious were our first four weeks of wedded life—our honeymoon! For the first month how fondly we addressed each other! She used to call me her dearest Timothy, I used to call her my adored Matilda. "My dearest Timothy, come home soon!" "Yes, that I will, my adored Matilda!" The second month it changed to dear Tim and dear Till. "I say, dear Tim, when am I to have a new bonnet?" "Shall have one next week, dear Till." "Very well, dear Tim." The third month she only called me Tim—I only called her Till. "Tim, ain't you going to get up? Breakfast is ready!" "Breakfast by yourself, Till—I'm sleepy." The fourth month it became Mr. and Mrs. Timms. "Mr. Timms, if you keep such late hours I shall not sit up for you." "Then go to bed, Mrs. Timms." The

fifth month it was sir and madam. "I shall not endure this treatment, sir!" "I don't know what treatment you mean, madam!" "I think you might pay a little more attention to me, sir!" "I can't, madam, I'm busy." In the sixth month open war began. I don't think she really loved me when she married me. I can't help thinking that her affections were fixed on her cousin Fipkins, who went abroad, else why does she talk of him so continually? To be sure, I retaliate by describing Arabella Dieaway, my first flame; and so I ought, and so I will. It's the only thing that seems to gratify me, that seems to satisfy the spite I have when she speaks of that cousin Fipkins!

Mrs. Timms. (*Sings without.*) "Oh, where, and, oh, where is my Highland laddie gone?"

Timms. Oh, where is her Highland laddie gone? An indirect allusion to her cousin. Now, who would suppose that that woman who is singing apparently with such pathos, only three minutes ago kicked over the breakfast-table!

Enter MRS. TIMMS, c. door.

Mrs. T. (*Singing and working with needle.*) "He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne, and it's oh——"

Timms. Well, and it's oh——

Mrs. T. It's oh, it's your temper a little cooler grown!

Timms. My temper! Pray put the saddle upon the right horse, madam!

Mrs. T. I don't wish to take it from the inferior animal who now wears it, sir!

Timms. Insulting woman!

Mrs. T. Heigho! People ought to think very seriously before they marry—ought to be well acquainted with the tempers and failings of each other. But some folks are so hypocritical before marriage; they can pretend to be so perfect, so amiable, so everything that is delightful, till the terrible knot is tied, and then—oh, dear!

Timms. Quite right, Mrs. T.; marriage is like the third bottle of wine—a great revealer of secrets!

Mrs. T. Then your third bottle has been empty long ago, Mr. T. Ah, I wish I was a girl again! Poor cousin Fip! Little did I think when you went on your travels that I should change my name before your return, dear fellow that he was! So much style—such dash—such naïveté, and such eyes—oh, heavens, such eyes!

Timms. Now she's got into a rhapsody about her cousin there will be no stopping her.



Mrs. T. How we used to romp and play together, so fond of each other. Even as children, always used to give me half his apple—always used to be running after me. Ah, poor Fip!

(Wiping her eyes.)

Timms. Now for my Arabella! Such recollections are very pleasing, Mrs. Timms. I love to indulge in them myself, and when I think of Arabella Dieaway, my first love, of her charms—of her altogether— Oh, heavens! (Sighs.)

Mrs. T. What a handsome fellow Fip was. Such a fine head of hair!

Timms. Arabella had a fine head of hair!

Mrs. T. Fip's was as black as the raven's wing!

Timms. Arabella's was a delicate ginger!

Mrs. T. What a splendid set of teeth he had! One used to think it would be delightful to be bit by them.

Timms. Arabella had fine teeth! Used to crack all my nuts for me.

Mrs. T. What a dancer Fip was! A most elegant waltzer. (Sings and waltzes.)

Timms. Arabella used to dance all day and all night, and always with me. (Dances.)

Mrs. T. Then how sweetly he used to sing "Be mine, dear maid, this faithful heart shall never prove untrue." Oh, it was beautiful! (Sits.)

Timms. Arabella had a sweet voice; such low notes. Shall I ever forget her G in "My friend and pitcher"? What a voice it was!

Mrs. T. Dear me, sir, one would think you had never heard a voice since!

Timms. Oh, dear, yes; often.

Mrs. T. Though you are no judge of such matters.

Timms. I'm sure I've had experience enough.

Mrs. T. Arabella, indeed! I don't believe such a person ever existed.

Timms. You don't?

Mrs. T. No; I don't.

Timms. Then I don't believe there was ever such a person as your cousin Fipkins.

Mrs. T. You don't believe I ever had a cousin Fipkins?

Timms. I don't.

Mrs. T. Perhaps you won't credit that I ever had a schoolfellow, who was so like me people could hardly tell the difference?

Timms. What, your Irish friend?

Mrs. T. Yes, sir; she that married at the same time I did, and who I expect in England every day, to pass a month with me. Dear Mrs. O'Blarney, she'll teach you how to treat me!

Timms. Is that horrible horsey woman coming to stop here?

Mrs. T. Yes, sir; I've sent her an invitation. She has accepted it; and should Cousin Fip return at the same time, then you'll feel your insignificance.

Timms. Well, till I see these fine friends of yours, I shall not believe in their existence.

Mrs. T. Indeed, sir. Then let me tell you, until I've seen your adored Arabella, I shall consider her but a creature of your fancy!

Timms. I rather think you will see her to-day, as I've received a delicious little pink note, in which she expresses a wish to be introduced to you, if she can summon courage for the event, and, should she call, I shall expect you to receive her with politeness at least.

Mrs. T. Oh, I shall be delighted to see her, and will do everything in my power to make her wel-

come, and I shall expect the same welcome to be given to Cousin Fip and Mrs. O'Blarney when they arrive.

Timms. Yes; when they arrive.

Mrs. T. (Running to the window.) What a dashing little fellow in a cab with a tiger behind is looking up at the house. It's he—heavens, it's he! He don't see me! How d'ye do—how d'ye do? (Kissing her hand.) I declare he don't recognise me—he's going away! Where's the boy? He must run after him! It is cousin Fip! It is cousin Fip. I should know him from a thousand! I'll run to the door and point him out to the boy! This is delicious! I knew he'd come—I knew he'd come!

[She runs off in delight, L.]

Timms. I think she might keep her delight within moderate bounds if it is cousin Fip. Now I suppose my young gentleman will arrive, and I shall have to sit twiddling my thumbs and listening to their youthful reminiscences—pleasant!—such as, "Oh, Fip, do you recollect such and such a thing, and do you remember such and such a person? And what has become of Miss So-and-so? And, oh, Fip, shall I ever forget the day that you and I—and do you recollect—and do you remember and what has become of John Smith?"—and all that! Then they'll laugh and speak in hints, and little allusions that no one can understand but themselves. What a horrible freemasonry of conversation that is—how I hate it!

Mrs. T. (Speaks without, L.) Mr. T.

Timms. Yes.

Mrs. T. It is cousin Fip. He will be here in ten minutes. I'm just running to the linendraper's; ask him to sit down till I return!

Timms. Very well. Hum! Then it is her cousin, there is such a person, and he's coming here, and she's gone to the linendraper's to spend my money in a new dress to flirt about with him. Now my Arabella shall come! I wish I could find her—though I have long had an idea in what way to bring her here—to place Arabella before Mrs. Timms. I've often thought of it, but have been afraid; now I shall be compelled! I've a great mind—I will—I'm driven to it, and I will! Then if cousin Fip torments me I warrant Miss Arabella Dieaway shall retaliate upon her. Yes; she shall come now. Let me see—Arabella and I were not married because her rich uncle made her his heiress on condition that she remained single—and single she remains. Such are the facts. Now the fiction shall be that this uncle's will can be set aside at a slight sacrifice, that she can now marry whom she pleases, and has called to see if there is any chance of my being a widower! Ha, ha! What will Mrs. T. say then? (A loud and long knock.) What a knock! Somebody of consequence, or somebody that wishes to appear of consequence! Who can it be?

Mrs. T. (Without, as Fipkins Faw-yaw.) Oh, Mrs. Timms not at home? Well, then, I'll wait till she returns! Is the old fellow within?

Timms. Somebody asking for the old fellow?

Mrs. T. (Without.) Don't think he is, eh? Never mind, I'll step up and wait till they return.

Timms. It's the cousin, sure enough. What an extraordinary-looking personage! Smoking too—that's very odd! Mrs. T. would never let me attempt to smoke—always said she detested a man that smoked, and here is her beautiful cousin that



she talks so much about coming, like Jupiter, in a regular eloud!

*Enter as FIPKINS YAW-YAW, L.*

Mrs. T. Beg pardon, wasn't aware any person was here—a friend of the family—don't make a fuss, I detest a fuss, it's such a bore. I've just arrived in towu, been steaming it up the Rhine, to the German Spas, to tan my skin and boil myself a little in the bubbles; and now as I'm in London for the season, thought I'd find out my old flame, the present Mrs. Timms—not at home, I hear.

Timms. Merely gone to the linendraper's. Shall I send?

Mrs. T. No, don't send! I'll wait—have nothing to do. Great bore to have nothing to do, one gets into mischief or into love, or some horrible hobble or other. If Mrs. T. is as handsome as she was when she was a girl, I shall get up a little flirtation with her, 'twil make Timms uncommon savage, but that will be capital fun, won't it? Yes! Yaw! By the bye, what sort of homo is Timms?

Timms. He don't know me. I must give a good account of myself! Why, Mr. Timms is—

Mrs. T. Quite a griffin, I hear.

Timms. A what?

Mrs. T. Unable to appreciate a divine creature like Mrs. T. I loved her vewy much once, 'pon my honour I did, and she loved me; in fact, she doated on me. To make use of a strong expression, I was just the tippy for her.

Timms. Just the tippy!

Mrs. T. Timms is a queer animal, I hear, and very ugly.

Timms. Oh, dear, no; rather the other way.

Mrs. T. Squints, don't he?

Timms. No, sir; he has—

Mrs. T. Don't fatigue me, don't describe him. He is a brute, I know. Coarse head of hair like a shoe brush, eats peas with a knife, and never knows when he has had enough soup. How poor Till came to marry such a savage I can't imagine. Oblige parents, I suppose. However, when we meet, we may hit upon some plan to get wid of the atwoecious object.

Timms. Sir, allow me to say that—

Mrs. T. Mrs. O'Blarney will be in town to-day, I hear; we mean to tack her to Timms, while Till and I dash about to see the lions and lark. Can't have him with us—be a bore. Yes, yes!

Timms. Allow me to say—

Mrs. T. Don't say anything, I hate to hear a man talk. Nice to listen to a woman's pwattle, but to endure a man's yaw-yaw, baw-baw, is a bore—

Timms. Sir, in one word, I am Mr. Timms, and—

Mrs. T. (Regarding Timms through an eye glass.) My dear fellow, you are a greater object than I thought you were.

Timms. Sir, these insults—

Mrs. T. Feel yourself insulted. I should be sorry to insult you and not give you reparation! Call me out. I have half a dozen fellows to shoot during the month, but I'll give you the preference with the greatest pleasure imaginable.

Timms. This is my house, and I—

Mrs. T. Don't be irritable—don't lose your temper.

Timms. If you don't leave the house, sir, I will—

Mrs. T. You had better go, then, as I have

called to see Till, I shall not go till I see Till. So—(throwing himself on the sofa)—Timms, go and find your friend and tell Till I am waiting for her.

Timms. Sir, you're very kind, but—

Mrs. T. Don't fatigue me. I'm exhausted. If you meet Till, say I'm here and anxious to see her. By, by.

Timms. I've made up my mind Arabella shall present herself to Mrs. T. this very day—this very hour. And is this the cousin she eternally talks of? A little, contemptible—

Mrs. T. My dear fellow, what are you telegraphing about in the corner? Pray go. I'm exhausted—you fatigue me—I wish to be oblivious! Ta, ta, Timms!

Timms. Sir, before I go—

Mrs. T. Don't fatigue me.

Timms. Well, then, now for it—now for Arabella!

[Exit, R.]

Mrs. T. (Jumps up from the sofa.) Ha, ha, ha! Poor Timms! He's convinced now there is such a person as Cousin Fip in existence. He's quite bewildered. Upon my life I really fancy myself very like what I recollect of my little puppy of a consin—love him I never did—but I do like to torment Timms, because he will talk so continually of his Arabella Dieaway. I think he loves me in his heart, but why does he take such a pleasure in tormenting me? Well, this game of teasing is now in full play, and we shall see who wins. Cousin Fip little thinks what use I am making of his name and manner. What an egregious little swell he was! I wonder if he's yet had his day and whether he's married, for a dandy's life rarely lasts beyond that event!

## SONG.

Air.—“Jim Brown.” (Negro melody.)

### I.

The life of a litile swell's a strain at elegance,  
The toilette—the opera—theatre—and la danse.  
When first he commences he cultivates a tip,  
Moustachios, or whiskers—that constitute the fip.  
With taper cane of ebony, and very mild cigar,  
He tries his maiden puff when away from his  
mamma;  
Or with patent leather boots, and a spur upon his  
heel,  
He lounges on the pave, the ladies' hearts to steal.  
(Struts.) Fol de rol, fol de rol, fol de rol tol li,  
A pleasant way to pass the day there's  
no one can deny.

### II.

Then next he goes to Tattersall's to buy his bit of  
blood,  
Affects to ride to hounds and to criticise a stud  
In a little gentle amble he his horsemanship dis-  
plays,  
For the shadow of a gallop would but dislocate his  
stays.  
In the Row before he dines, with some crony in the  
crowd,  
With glass stuck in his eye, he laughs and talks  
aloud.



To use his mother tongue he considers quite absurd,  
So he speaks so mighty fine none can understand a word.

"Ah, yas, 'pon my life, yaw-yaw, how do?"

"Really, no idea, never thought of seeing you."

### III.

To get a small excitement, of course he takes to play,

And shakes his little elbow and money all away;  
Well pigeoned he tries sentiment, and does a little love,

Sighs, and dies, and potters of his angel and his dove.

'Till meeting with a rival, a meeting follows that,  
Hair triggers and twelve paces, and a bullet through his hat.

Returns to town, and at a ball, his rival popp'd away,

He pops and marries, then the little swell has had his day.

With his babies and his bills, and his this and that to pay,

He votes everthing a bore, and has nothing else to say.

Timms knocks. Enter TIMMS, dressed in the height of female fashion as Arabella Dieaway.

Mrs. T. Come in. (Aside.) Who can this be? Do you want anybody, dear?

Timms. Yes, sir. (In a feminine voice.)

Mrs. T. Mrs. Timms.

Timms. No, sir.

Mrs. T. Who then, dear?

Timms. Mr. Timms.

Mrs. T. Oh, you want to see Mr. Timms! An old acquaintance, perhaps?

Timms. We were dear little children together! I hav'n't seen him since his fatal marriage.

Mrs. T. Surely this can't be— Your name is—  
—a—a—

Timms. Arabella Dieaway.

Mrs. T. Ah, then there is an Arabella! Oh, indeed! There's nobody at home at present! Ha, ha! How droll! I'm waiting to see Mrs. Timms, and you've called to see Mr. Timms—quite a coincidence!

Timms. As there's no one at home, I'll call again!

Mrs. T. No, no; don't go; stay where you are! So you are Arabella? I have heard of you. Mr. Timms told me of you. An old flame of old Timms! I'll make love to her, and if she encourages me, what a laugh I shall have against Timms! 'Pon my soul, Arabella, you're a deuced fine girl!

Timms. Oh, sir, ain't you ashamed?

Mrs. T. Weally, 'pon my honour, never was so stwuck before! I intended to get up a flirtation with Mrs. Timms—shall make myself agreeable to you instead. (Putting her arm round his waist.) Let me look at you, Arabella!

Timms. Don't, I'm bashful!

Mrs. T. What fine eyes!—what a sweet expression!—what lips!—what hair!—what hands!—what a delicate waist!

(Puts her arm round Timms' waist.)

Timms. Don't, you tickle me! I ain't used to it! (Aside.) A little wretch, I should like to pull his nose!

Mrs. T. Timms can't have forgotten you. Sighs for his old flame now and then, no doubt!

Timms. Forgotten me! Oh, no; he doats upon me still!

Mrs. T. (Aside.) The creature! I should like to box her ears!

Timms. It's no use for you to admire me, my affections are unalterably fixed!

Mrs. T. Unalterably fixed! Who is the happy wascal?

Timms. Don't name it to Mrs. T. if I tell you?

Mrs. T. 'Pon my honour!

Timms. Well, then, Mr. T.'s the object! Now pray don't tell Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. Sheshall know no more than she does at this present moment! But what's the use of loving T.? He's a married man.

Timms. Yes; but his wife's consumptive, I hear; and as my uncle's will can be set aside, should Mr. T. soon become a widower, there will be no obstacle to our union!

Mrs. T. You mistake. Mrs. T.'s in charming health—fine health; and depend upon it, will live many years yet to stir up her T.

Timms. Poor, dear fellow, how I loved him—how I love him still, in spite of my uncle's will. His form still haunts my memory. Dear little T.! Had I been his wife, I never should have crossed my dear little T., never dotted his eyes as Mrs. T. does, I hear. Well, there may still be hope. I am to be introduced to her to-day, then I shall see if she's not consumptive. The violent stimulants in which she indulges must soon impair her constitution, and then—oh, happiness!

Mrs. T. Upon my life, I can control myself no longer. An impertinent creature to dare to insinuate that I—I wish I could box her ears!

Timms. (Rises.) Oh, sir, what's the matter? You seem so agitated.

Mrs. T. Not in the least! I have to apologize for my want of gallantry in not offering you a chair. I shall do myself the pleasure of inquiring if Timms or his wife are likely to return; and when I come back, take you by the shoulder, and turn you out of the house, as sure as your name is Arabella!

[Exit, R.]

Timms. (In his own manner, and striding about the room.) Hallo! What has made my little gentleman leave the room so suddenly? Ha, ha, ha! I've annoyed him, I daresay, with my insinuations respecting Mrs. T. I wonder if he'll tell her. Oh, if he does, it will be delicious. Well, I think I've introduced Arabella into the house under very favourable circumstances. (Takes off his bonnet, and puts it on table.) Though I'm afraid when I see Matilda I shall not be able to carry on the deception—I shall get frightened. To think that cousin Fip should make love to me—ha, ha!—a little roud. 'Pon my life, I shall not like Mrs. T. to be much in his company. I think I'll leave the house now; my wife is sure to be told of my having called, and of this interview with her cousin. She will be convinced that there is such a person as Arabella, and my object will be accomplished. I then can talk of Miss Dieaway and her beauty—for Fip admired me very much—without being doubtful, and I can have my laugh against her too, for I'll tell her of Fip's trying to flirt with me, and that Arabella told me so herself. Mrs. T. won't be so much of her cousin after that. And what a consumptive little object he is! I'm



sure she won't love him when she sees him now—a little yaw-yaw exquisite, with a cigar in his mouth, and a glass in his eye! And his abuse of my personal qualities! Now my Arabella will leave a very different impression. I'm sure I have represented her delicacy, her impassioned manner, and, I flatter myself, her beauty to the life. I should like to have an interview with Mrs. T.—only one. She would never tease me about her cousin Fip again. Ha, ha! It would be such a triumph.

MRS. TIMMS enters, in her own character, R.

Mrs. T. You want Mr. Timms, I hear?

Timms. (Courtesying.) Yes, madam.

Mrs. T. What may be your business with him?

Timms. To gaze upon his features once again.

Mrs. T. Indeed! As the gentleman happens not to be at home, perhaps the features of his wife will serve your purpose just as well.

Timms. I don't want to see his wife. It's not pleasant to look at ordinary people.

Mrs. T. Then I presume you seldom stand before your looking-glass.

Timms. Very seldom, except when I wish to indulge in a beautiful reflection. (Aside.) I'm getting on very well—don't feel half so frightened as I thought I should be.

Mrs. T. How do you know that Mrs. T. is ordinary?

Timms. Mr. T. told me so.

Mrs. T. When?

Timms. In a letter.

Mrs. T. He writes to you, does he?

Timms. Occasionally; and I write to him.

Mrs. T. Indeed!

Timms. Platonically, that's all. I give him good advice, and try to reform him.

Mrs. T. Reform him—of what?

Timms. His gaieties.

Mrs. T. His gaieties?

Timms. Ah, you don't know him, I see! I am sorry to hear sad things of him.

Mrs. T. What have you heard?

Timms. I must not say.

Mrs. T. There's no harm in telling me, it shall go no further. Pray sit down.

Timms. In the first place, there is a great deal of talk about a lady who rides in a pony chaise with him down the green lanes at Kensington.

Mrs. T. Rides with a lady in a pony chaise down green lanes?

Timms. And a beautiful young creature that sits in a private box at the play with him now and then—but always behind the curtain; and a little milliner that he has set up in business in Regent Street! Shocking, isn't it? How different he would have behaved had his lot been linked with mine.

Mrs. T. This is past endurance. (Rising.) Are you aware that I am Mrs. Timms?

Timms. Is it possible? Are you that unhappy woman? Bless me, I'm afraid I've said too much!

Mrs. T. You have indeed. Now, madam, look at me. Am I consumptive? Do I show any traces of indulgence in violent stimulants? Oh, don't look at me in that demure manner, you little hypocritical wretch! I am not going to lose my temper, I assure you—you are not worthy of a moment's anger on my part, and I therefore tell you calmly and in the most subdued manner, that there is the door, and if ever you dare to venture

within it again, I'll take you by the shoulders and turn you out of the house. (Violently.)

Timms. Oh, oh, I shall faint! I'm going off! I feel a sort of a—Oh, water, air! Cut my stay lace! Oh! (Falls in a chair.)

Mrs. T. (Calling.) Mary, Mary! I won't attend to her! I shall not concern myself about such a creature. Mary, Mary! (Going off.) Come and attend to this person in the drawing-room. Bring her a glass of water, and cut her stay lace.

[Exit, R. Timms looks up, takes his bonnet from table, and runs off, L.]

MRS. TIMMS re enters.

Now I think of it, she shall remain here till Timms returns, then I shall have them face to face! An artful creature! And that is T.'s Arabella, she that ought to have been Mrs. T. Well, I'm glad I've seen her—an affected, vulgar, awkward gawky. What did that creature mean by his riding with a lady in a pony chaise down green lanes—and the private box—and the Regent Street milliner? There may be some truth in the scandal. Timms has nothing to do—he is often out alone, particularly when the mornings are fine; he passes an evening out now and then; and, as for the milliner, let me—in his expenses I have often seen “sundries, five guineas.” Five guineas in a married man's domestic accounts is very suspicious—that's the way he has set up this milliner in business. I'll learn the origin of such reports I'm resolved. How can I proceed? I have it. If he has any such affairs on hand he shall confess them to me—I'll make him.

Timms. (Sings without.) I've kissed, &c.

Mrs. T. Oh, he has kissed and he's prattled with fifty fair maids, has he? Oh, the hypoerite! I never could have believed it of him. However, I'll appear indifferent, at any rate.

(Takes her work from table, sits down, and sings.)

Air.—From “The Beggar's Opera.”

I, like a ship, in storms was tost,  
Yet afraid to put into land,  
For seized in the port, the vessel is lost,  
Whose treasure is contraband.  
The waves are laid, my duty's paid,  
Oh, joy beyond expression,  
Now safe on shore, I ask no more,  
My all is in my possession!

Enter TIMMS at back.

Timms. Well, my dear, you seem very merry.

Mrs. T. Yes, my dear; I am. “My all is in my possession.” (Singing.)

Timms. (Sitting carelessly.) Done shopping?

Mrs. T. Yes.

Timms. I've had half an hour's stroll; thought I might meet you.

Mrs. T. Been down any green lanes?

Timms. Green lanes! What green lanes? Capital! She's jealous! I see she is!

Mrs. T. (Aside.) He blushes! There's guilt in his looks! Going out to-night, dear?

Timms. Don't know!

Mrs. T. I should like to see the new play. Can you get me a private box—one with a curtain?

Timms. With a curtain?

Mrs. T. In case you might be ashamed to be seen with your wife.



Timms. What an odd fancy!

Mrs. T. I'll try him further. If you do take me, I must have a new cap. Can't you recommend me a milliner?

Timms. A milliner!

Mrs. T. Yes, sir, a milliner.

Timms. My dear, I know nothing of milliners.

Mrs. T. True! How should you? What am I thinking of? How silly! Ha, ha, ha!

Timms. Ha, ha, ha! She's swallowed the bait, hook and all.

Mrs. T. He fairly trembles with guilt. Oh, dear, I forgot, somebody has been here!

Timms. Yes; I'm aware. I've seen him.

Mrs. T. Yes; and I've seen her.

Timms. Who?

Mrs. T. You know, and a very nice young lady she is.

Timms. She! What she?

Mrs. T. Your Arabella.

Timms. (*Affecting concern.*) Heavens, has she been here, and I not at home? How provoking!

Mrs. T. I wish she had waited till your return. However, I've seen her. We've been introduced to each other.

Timms. Isn't she a fine girl?

Mrs. T. To the fancy of some, perhaps she is.

Timms. All that I've described her, isn't she?

Mrs. T. Yes, and a little more.

Timms. She anxiously asked after me, I'm sure?

Mrs. T. Yes; and she anxiously asked after me until she knew me. Timms, she thinks I'm consumptive, and that you are likely soon to be a widower. Droll, isn't it?

Timms. What pleasant thoughts some people have.

Mrs. T. Very. Ha, ha, ha!

Timms. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. T. Timms, do you really think her handsome?

Timms. Very—very handsome.

Mrs. T. She is the greatest fright I ever beheld.

Timms. My dear, my dear, women are no judges of each other's beauty!

Mrs. T. I'm glad I've seen her. You may now dwell upon your fond recollections without interruption from me.

Timms. I'm sure I give you the same permission as regards your cousin.

Mrs. T. Oh, dear Fip! You've seen him, you say? Isn't he an elegant fellow?

Timms. An elegant fellow! An odious little wretch!

Mrs. T. T., you're jealous!

Timms. Of that contemptible puppy? Pooh! I've too good an opinion of myself!

Mrs. T. Don't be so cross, dear.

Timms. Talking of this relation and that relation! You're related to the devil, I think!

Mrs. T. Yes, dear, I am—by marriage!

[*Exit, L.*]

Timms. That's what I call confounded impudence. "Her darling little relation and coming home in his cab!" Upon my word, this is growing serious. It must be put a stop to. She surely cannot really love him. She must affect to do so merely, for the sake of tormenting me, as I, in return, pretend to think of Arabella, merely for the sake of tormenting her. Well, I've retaliated famously at my rate. She believes all about the lady in the pony-chaise, and the private box, and the milliner. If I am vexed about her cousin, she

is equally annoyed with Arabella and her hints! What a rage she was in. "I'll take you by the shoulders and turn you out of the house." Ha, ha! I shall have the laugh against her some of these days. Perhaps not. Perhaps she really has a fancy for that cousin! I should like to be certain. I sometimes think she loves me, only she has an odd way of showing it. I know—I feel that I love her, only I have an odd way of showing it. Somehow or other, many people have odd ways of showing affection. Some men beat their wives, only to show how they love them—to make them feel if they didn't care for them they wouldn't take so much trouble to correct their faults. How can I learn whether she still likes this cousin? I will find out, and to-day too! (*Slapping his forehead.*) I have it! A confused—plan is working here. It will be well arranged shortly; but the worst of it is, if she really likes this cousin, she may run away with him, and then it's impossible for me to retaliate! I can't run away with Arabella! If I do, I must run away with myself. I will be convinced if I really possess Mrs. T.'s affections. That decided, I shall know how to act.

Mrs. Timms. (*Speaks without as Mrs. O'Blarney.*) She's gone out, is she? Well, well, never mind; sure, I'll step up and spake to Timms.

Timms. (*Looking off.*) Eh, that's an Irish accent! It's Mrs. O'Blarney, no doubt. The lady that is to be my partner at cribbage and crumpets. Upon my word, and a very dashing little woman she is!

Mrs. Timms. (*Without.*) Tell the gossoon to walk my horse quietly up and down the street for a while.

Timms. Come, come, Mrs. Timms, don't presume too much; if you're so mightily fascinated with your cousin, by jingo, I'll make myself agreeable here. Oh! Cribbage and crumpets, eh? Well, I've no objection.

MRS. TIMMS enters, as Mrs. O'Blarney, in a gay riding habit, with horsewhip, gloves, &c.

Mrs. T. (*Starting.*) Ah, you're Timms—don't spake a word, but tell me at once.

Timms. Yes, madam. Mrs. O'Blarney, my wife's schoolfellow, I presume?

Mrs. T. Oh, faith, yer right! Till expects me in town! She was to call on me immediately on my arrival, but I was in the devil's own hurry to see her, so I thought it best to pass her on the road, and come to her slap-dash at once!

Timms. I believe she has gone to seek you.

Mrs. T. And so you're Timms, and a smart little gossoon ye are. How was it ye found out the sort place in me friend's heart? Many and many is the fine fellow has gone melancholy mad on her account since she left Ireland. Ooh, when she was at my place at Allybally-carrick-o'shaughlin what scores of hearts she kilt and snash'd entirely, and you to come over her wakeness with your demure look and your little twinkling eyes. Oh, you devil!

Timms. Oh, Mrs. O'Blarney, you tickle me!

Mrs. T. Oh, never mind! Sure I'm a phanix for fun, and as for following the hounds, riding a steeplechase, or clearing a five-barred gate, there's not the man, woman, or child in all Ireland can match me! Timms, let me look at you. Faith, yer a decent-looking fellow! How old are you?

Timms. Twenty-six.

Mrs. T. And is it twenty-six ye are? Well, that's



droll—twenty-six. Well, I'm twenty-four; so in two year's time we shall be of the same age.

Timms. Really!

Mrs. T. Timms, by the wiuk o' yer eye you're a wicked one.

Timms. Mrs. O'Blarney!

Mrs. T. Don't Mrs. O'Blarney me, as if ye couldn't say boh to a goose, or butther to your pays. You know you're a rogue, and poor Till is ignorant of our gallantries—poor sowl! She was an only child! And, by my faith, if I had been her mother, and had seen your wicked face before ye married her, you should not have had her if I had been the father of a hundred other children!

Timms. I assure you I'm not aware—

Mrs. T. Boo-boo! Come, sit down and confess it to me—make a clane breast—it will be whisky punch to your conscience. Till has towld me she was not altogether happy with ye. What can be the raison? Is it because you go gallivanting? You do, you villain! Well, and how can the poor little faymale creatures withstand the temptations of such an iligant fellow as ye are, Timms. Upon my honour, Timms, ye make me feel as soft as a mealy potato, as I look at ye. Oh, jakers, if I contemplate ye much longer, I shall be a victim to the tinder passion meself, and sure isn't the passion tinder when it's caught by a spark?

Timms. Really, Mrs. O'Blarney, if I had anything to confess, there is a kind and winning way about you, that I am sure would make me open my heart to you. But, indeed, I've never indulged in gallantries—I love Mrs. T. too well—she don't think that I do, but she so works upon my feelings by continually alluding to an old sweetheart—a Cousin Fip—I daresay that you have heard of him—that I confess I am compelled to do all I can to aggravate her in return, by pretending to have fond recollections of a lady that I knew before I was married; but, bless you, Mrs. O'Blarney, Mrs. T. is far superior to Arabella Dieaway, that was her name.

Mrs. T. And a pretty pair of noodles ye must be now to employ your precious time in making believe that you're not fond of yourselves, when ye know in the corners of ye two hearts that ye love one another dearly! And you have no galiantries to confess?

Timms. None whatever.

Mrs. T. And certain little reports about you are false?

Timms. Upon my honour. Make any inquiry!

Mrs. T. And you don't care for Arabella?

Timms. Not at all.

Mrs. T. And you love your wife?

Timms. Dearly!

Mrs. T. Oh, long life, you darlin'!

(Kisses him.)

Timms. Don't, Mrs. O'Blarney. If Mrs. T. were to know.

Mrs. T. Faith, I'll tell her myself!

Timms. When shall we have a game at cribbage?

Mrs. T. Go along, ye divil! Timms, you're a good boy, and Till will be a happy woman at last. Never mind cousin Fip, she sha'n't bother you any more with him, and ye shall both come over to Allybally-carriek-o'shauglin, and I'll trate ye like two emperors, and ye shall go riding with me, and in the evening will have—

Timms. A game at cribbage?

Mrs. T. Yes, sure; and when ye're tired I'll sing to you, darlin'—

Timms. I shall be delighted to hear you.

Mrs. T. Some of our beautiful melodies, and, as you're a good boy, you shall hear one now.

SONG.—Irish Melody.

*Sing, sing! Music was given*

*To brighten the gay and kindle the loving;*

*Souls here, like planets in heaven,*

*By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.*

*Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,*

*But love from the lips his true archery wings;*

*And she who but feathers the dark when she speaks,*

*At once sends it home to the heart when she sings!*

*Then sing, sing! Music was given, &c.*

*When Love, rock'd by his mother,*

*Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,*

*"Hush, hush," said Venus. "No other*

*Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."*

*Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,*

*'Till faint from his lips soft melody broke,*

*And Venus enchanted look'd on with a smile,*

*While Love to his own sweet music awoke!*

*Then sing, sing! Music was given, &c.*

[Exit Mrs. Timms at back.]

Timms. 'Pon my life, a delightful woman that—a very delightful woman! Now, how odd it is that I should feel no hesitation in telling her how I loved Mrs. T., when to Mrs. T. herself I never could have confessed so much, or have attempted to show how dearly I love her! What is it? What is the cause of it? Why can't people when they are married express their feelings as warmly to one another as they did before they tied the terrible undoable knot? Ah, human nature! A little small pride, I suppose—always wishing to seem what we are not, or affecting to have feelings and recollections that we don't possess! If I were certain that Mrs. T.'s thoughts of her cousin were no more than mine of Arabella, I'd watch for some nice quiet loving moment, and bring about a mutual confession of our folly.

Mrs. Timms. (Without, as Mrs. O'Blarney.) Oh, my darling Till, is it yourself I see, bless yer heart? It's glad I am to squeeze your five fingers once more. (As Mrs. Timms.) I'm so glad to see Mrs. O'Blarney! How d'ye do? How well you're looking! Seen Timms? (As Mrs. O'Blarney.) I've seen the phanix, and happy ye are to have a husband that loves ye so dearly! (As Mrs. Timms.) Oh, he's a good creature; very odd, but none the worse for that.

Timms. (Listening at the back.) She's praising me—as I live, she's praising me! What is she saying? Says I'm a good creature—bless her!—"in my way." Oh, only in my way, and that hasn't been a very pleasant way lately. Now what does she say? She would love me—only—only—What? Eh? What? Fip! Confound it, now she's talking of him. They are whispering. I don't like that—always mischief when two women whisper. I will find out what her feelings really are towards that fellow. I know how to manage it. She's at home now, and as Mrs. O'Blarney is with her—likely to remain so—I'll slip out by the back door—return unseen—conceal, and put her to the test.

[Exit, &c., on tiptoe.]







# IMPORTANT NOTICE.

---

A NEW ALPHABETICAL AND  
CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE,

GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF EVERY NUMBER OF

## **DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS**

will be sent on request, enclosing three-halfpence in stamps, to any address. It will be found of the greatest convenience to those who may be selecting plays for Home and Private Theatricals, as it contains particulars of upwards of

**1,000 FREE ACTING PLAYS,**

so arranged as to show at a glance the various authors whose works appear in this valuable selection, which can be procured at

**ONE PENNY EACH,**

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand.



Now Ready, Price Threepence; post-free, One Penny extra,

# THE ACTOR'S HAND-BOOK,

AND

## GUIDE TO THE STAGE FOR AMATEURS.

BY THE OLD STAGER.

---

This Guide Book contains Important Hints upon the following Subjects:—

HOW TO STUDY.

HOW TO READ.

HOW TO DECLAIM.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE VOICE.

HOW TO MEMORIZE.

HOW TO MAKE UP THE FIGURE.

HOW TO MAKE UP THE FACE.

HOW TO TREAD THE STAGE.

HOW TO MANAGE THE HANDS.

HOW TO EXPRESS THE VARIOUS  
PASSIONS AND EMOTIONS.

HOW TO DO BYE-PLAY.

HOW TO COMPORT YOURSELF AS  
A LADY OR GENTLEMAN

HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGE-  
MENT.

---

*Extract from the Preface of the Work:—*“ There are certain difficulties that are inseparable from the earliest phases of the dramatic art. There are others that arise chiefly, if not solely, from the want of practical information, arranged in proper order, and conveyed with due simplicity and clearness of definition. Such difficulties necessarily result in a greater or less degree of disappointment to those who are candidates for dramatic honours; and not unfrequently lead to the abandonment, almost without actual trial, of the profession of the stage by those who might, if properly directed, have come to be reckoned among its chief ornaments.

“ It is the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen, just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere.”

London, JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Booksellers.